

REVIEW

OF THE

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OF THE

BRITISH NATION

Tuesday, October 28, 1907

I Have in my last Papers brought the War this Summer to a Period, in order to make room for the approaching Parliament, *Spain and Italy* excepted; the poor Soldier gets a Retreat from the Hazards, the Dangers, the long Marches, the tedious Encampments, the bloody Sieges, and furious Attacks; the Fighting, the Flying, the Charging, the Scouring, and particularly the Starving of the Campaign; the poor wretched Countries get a Retreat from the Plunderings, the Military Executions, the drawing Lines, raising Contributions, and ranging of Armies over their Lands; the Generals get a Retreat from the Fatigues of the Field, and all things lie still, till a new Season draws the same Scene of Bloodshed on the Face of the World again. And then *As you were*.

But alas, poor Britain! She gets no Re-
pose, a Summer Campaign Abroad, & Win-
ter Campaigns at Home; continual Har-
tings, Murders, Partings and Fightings,
brother bet Pease, no longer last Ends, but
another begins. She gets no Peace; inter-
sals'd with powerful Enemies within, and
powerful Enemies without. *Poor Britannia!*
Her Fate is to be involved in continual Jar-
ring, Fighting and Contentions, even when
other People are at Peace; Envy, Wrath,
Strife, Passion, Prejudice, and Parties, how
miserably do they harass this divided Na-
tion, and make Spoil of all the plentiful
Harvest of Peace, which by the Tillage,
Manuring, good Husbandry, and Cultiva-
tion of the Soil, we were in Hopes should
have been produc'd long since in the Na-
tion?

O Man, Man! Thou unsettled turbulent Creature, to what Excesses, to what continual Uneasinesses art thou hurried by the blind Fury of thy own Passions? How dost thou make War with thy own Happiness, darken thy own Comforts, and disturb thy own Peace? How dost thou labour to beguile thy self of thy own Happiness, and fight against thy only Interest? How restless and impatient in the best Circumstances, always busy in the great and material Employment of Self-Destruction, always at work, fighting and jarring, either with Friends or Enemies, and sometimes with both?

And who shall presume to prompt the World to Peace? Let him be who he will, he is sure to get no Peace himself. *The Knaves will all agree to call him Knave*, like the *Israelite to Moses*, when he reproved him for smiting his Brother. *Who made thee a Prince and a Judge among Us? Wilt thou slay me, as thou didst the Egyptian*, who he had killed the *Barbarian* in Defence of his oppress'd Brethren? Just so now say our *High-Flying Gentlemen*, who made this impertinent Review an Instructor to move us to Peace? Will he satyrize us, as he did the *Tackers*? Yes indeed, Gentlemen, that he will, and you will deserve it much more, just as it was with the *Israelites*, when GOD had driven out their Enemies before them, and plac'd his Wonders in their View; when he had abdicated *Pharaoh* and his Host, and brought them to the very Gates of *Canaan*; they fall out with their own Mercies, fly in the Face of GOD the Giver, raise a Scandal upon the Gift, and cry to go back again to Bondage.

Was ever Nation so like them as We? GOD has brought us to the Promise of Peace, has driven out the *Canaanites* before us, has actually put us in Possession of our Happiness, and behold, we cry to go back again to Bondage; *French Power*, *Jacobite Tyranny*, *High-Flying Insolence* had over-run you, had crush'd, suppress'd, and perfectly dispirited you, and you cry'd to Heaven, and to Heaven's Instruments to deliver you, and they did deliver you; and what then you sung his Praise, but you soon forgot his Works, and his WORKMEN TOO.

I'll tell you a short Story, Gentlemen, and I'll find you good Authors for the Truth of it; Of old Time, so long ago, and so far off, that some Folks hardly believe the Story; There was a Sort of People call'd *Israelites*, now we call them *Jews*; these People being Slaves in *Africa*, rise all up in a Body against their Masters, and claiming their Liberty, fled away towards *Arabia*; The King of the Country follow'd them with a huge Army, coop'd them up in a Corner between the Mountains and the Sea, and had certainly destroy'd them in a few Days—When one *Moses* a great Man among them, told them, if they would but serve and obey their Maker, and Religiously devote themselves to him, he had Commission to deliver them; accordingly he spread his Arms out toward the Sea, and the obedient Waters divided, and left a Path of dry Land quite over; at which the whole Army pass'd safe, and landed on the other side, and there had the Satisfaction to stand, and see the Enemy's Army, that pursued them, overwhelmed and drown'd every Mother's Son: 'Tis an old Story, and you'll find it in an old Manuscript, call'd the *Pentateuch*; perhaps some of you, that are us'd to Reading, may have seen such a Book, but I know, 'tis much *shorter* of Use among you, and grows out of Use every Day more and more.—But to go on with my Story, the People that were thus deliver'd, you may be sure, made Bonfires and Illuminations, and if they had had it there, would no doubt have gone in Procession to *Paul's Church* for this Victory; but as it was, they express'd great Joy, sung Songs, and the like, after their Fashion. And for *Moses*, Oh, he was the bravest Man, their Hero, their Deliverer, and they made him their Judge and their Captain! And Oh they would follow him any where, *that they would!* And how do ye think they us'd him afterwards? It was not above . . . Days, but not finding every thing they wanted just at hand, they fall a Railing at him, and abusing him, tell him, they will go back to *Africa* again, he had brought them thither to destroy them, and the like, and talk'd of murdering their Deliverer, by stoning him to Death among the Mob.

To apply the Story as we go, who can read it, without thinking of 1688, when the People, then call'd *English*, did just this with one *King William*, only with this worst Aggravation, that this *Moses* was one of the same Nation, and under the same Slavery, with the rest of the People, and so in delivering them he shew'd their Deliverance; Whereas, this *King William*, we talk of, was a Great and Happy Prince, liv'd Belov'd, and at Ease, in all Manner of Splendor and Glory, in his full Pleasure and Prime, and had all the World could afford him; but at the instant Request and Importance of that horrid, ungrateful, murmuring, never-satisfy'd Nation, and under a thousand long since forgotten Promises, quitted all his Ease and Plenty, and came with an Army, run all the Hazards of a Winter Voyage, a fatiguing March, and a long and bloody War, in which he run thro' infinite Hazards and Hurries, headed their Armies himself, when they had not a Man among them qualify'd to be a General; fought 7 Battles in his own Person, made 23 Voyages by Sea, and 11 Campaigns by Land; was every Day in Danger of his Life equally with the meanest Soldier, drove away their Oppressors, restor'd their Liberties, establish'd their Religion, and defend'd their Laws; and how do ye think they us'd him? Truly, just like the Story, *meer Jews*, they made Bonfires and Illuminations, made him their King and their Captain, and call'd him their Hero and Deliverer; but he was hardly turn'd round in his new Command, hardly had he sat down in his new Throne, but they flew in his Face; the very Men, whose Crys under their *African* Bondage mov'd him to come over to their Help, were the fiercest to send him Home again, cry'd for their Tyrants again, and talk'd of stoning him; was ever such *Israelites*, such *Jews* in the World? They pursued him with constant Murmurs, Revilings, Satyrs, Assassinations, and the like, and never left him, till they broke his Heart; just as the same *Moses* was not permitted to see the promis'd Land, they never let him see the promis'd Felicity, they had told him of, but with perpetual Hurries, Toils, Cares, and above all their

ungrateful and barbarous Usage, they destroy'd him.

Well has Providence done to blot out the Name of *English* Men from the World, and happy are we, that we can say, we are none of that unthankful Nation— No, no, we are no *English* Men, no true born Folks; we are *Britains*; Have a Care, Gentlemen, if you do not change the Temper as well as the Title, the Manners as well as the Name, you will soon betray your selves to have something of the Blood of that scandalous Race in your Veins. Those *English* Folks were a Sort of brave People formerly, and pass'd once for a [tolerable, good-enough Kind of Nation; but the very Usage of that one Prince was so barbarous, so cruel, so unjust, and so ungenerous, that it sticks very close to them, and they will never get clear of this Character, of being the most ungrateful Nation both to GOD and Man in the World.

And when all is done, *Brother Britains*, give me leave to say one thing to you, tho' you have got rid of that old Name, yet take a Hint from a Friend that scores to flatter you; you are just treading the same Steps with your present Sovereign, *GOD forbid*, it should have the same Effect upon Her; Her Majesty has done her Part in your Deliverance, has pursued your true Interest in all its Parts, with the same Ardour, the same Zeal, and above her Sex, with the same Steadiness as *King William* did; with unwearied Entreaties she has solicited you to Peace, and perswaded you to open your Eyes to your National Advantages; has brought the two Sister-Nations together, has put their very Hands into one anothers Hands; and do you think they will kiss, now they are come together? No, not to save her Life, but frown, and scold, and scratch, and snarl at one another, and at Her Majesty for endeavouring it. Ill-natur'd Generation, what would you have? Would you go back to *Africa* again? Would you enter into Bondage again? Look back upon your Chains, see the Beauty of Tyrannick Task-Masters, the Ornaments of Subjection gilded your City-Gates with the Heads and Quarters of your murder'd Patriots, the Cham-